JOHN BULL, June 5th, 1915.

Are YOU Insured against War Risks? See page 20.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No. 470 | SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

8873:52

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the United Kingdom.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 20.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up and posting to us this weekly coupon, you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 20, and forward the duplicate to us, and you will be insured during such period as your order with the newsagent and this scheme remain in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 20, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Instantaneous and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 20.)

Name of Insured..... Address.....

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In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon above.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY COPY OF JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE [illegible].

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **with n seven days of publicat on** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
T. R. TAYLOR, 29, Trent Road, Lichfield, Staffs. 622,931. May 15th.
JAS. SAVERY, 3, Crooms Street, Belfast. 697,415. April 17th.
The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 29th:—

002240	175283	396722	613591	870016
020760	181826	417570	661865	894362
026615	198521	425482	677055	900102
051212	214508	460482	698531	937664
067763	223419	466568	712681	966061
094146	243022	500805	736449	988314
099962	273974	553597	764942	991000
119113	308933	563469	779776	A001752
139568	328506	576963	824607	A027398
166969	372581	599168	838715	A136587

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 9th).

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Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns or Catalogue of Cycles, Gramophones and Records, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Goods and Shoes, Watches & Jewellery, Sewing Machines, Linoleums, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

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The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

. . . Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade, feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

. . . Now put the CLEMAK side by side with any other Safety Razor offered at a Guinea. You will then see for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razor—and costs you 16/- less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?

The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades.

The CLEMAK avoids all this.

The Clemak Safety Razor, price 5/6

DO YOU CLEMAK?

. . . The barber is busy, so buy a Clemak and save yourself annoyance and waste of time.

. . . The Clemak Razor is undoubtedly the best [illegible] you can possibly make, and by us trustworthy and reliable [illegible] a friend for life. . . . Buy one to-day.

. . . The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving [illegible]. They cost together 5s. 6d., and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

Outlasts all others. [illegible] HAIR, 10 Minutes, Horrorene Shampoo, and Sleep. 10d.

No dull blades. [illegible] CUTLERS, &c., CLEMAK RAZOR CO., Saltzer St., London.

Or post free from the

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 470. Week ending Saturday, June 5th, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for May 29th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 142,501 and 1,062,798.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A New Order.

For those deprived of the Garter—Suspenders!

O. M.

O, mercy!

The New Chancellor.

We mean the new *Lord* Chancellor. "What a surprise!" And it seems only yesterday that he sat with us on the cross-benches of the Battersea Parliament. Later on we became Prime Minister—and we are not sure that he wasn't *our* Chancellor! What's that? Oh, no, we do not mean anything of the kind.

Another "Chancellor."

This time it is a political ass of that name, who "sits"—and that is about all he does—for Haggerston, and who tells us that we "can still love those who do not belong to us; aye, and those who for the time being *appear to be our enemies.*" No wonder this crank revolted against us when he was a member of our "Association" in days gone by; and we were candidate for North Islington. *What* an ass!

That Vendetta.

The *New Statesman*—would that the words did not represent merely the name of a ponderous, and therefore highly respectable magazine—takes us to task over our recent proclamation of an anti-German vendetta, and likens us to the Bull of Bashan—rather than to John of that ilk. It speaks of our "evil and anti-English spirit," and describes our invocation to avenge every German outrage "in kind," to "exterminate every German-born man," and to "deport every German-born woman and child" as "the most disgraceful passage evet read in an English paper." But we did get that banner off the walls of St. George's Chapel, didn't we, Mr. *New Statesman*—whoever you are?

To Rotherham.

On Saturday we go to Rotherham, at the request of the Mayor, to attend a monster recruiting demonstration. Rotherham readers, please note.

A New Version.

According to the *Morning Advertiser*, a speaker at a recent meeting to protest against the restrictive propensities of the Government in regard especially to racing and refreshment facilities, fired off the following couplet:—

One tricky Lloyd-George; ten Killjoyese,
Hackney's Horatio can lick all these.

We hope the lines are not to be read in their literal sense.

Our Clyde Mission.

Every day brings us evidence of the good results following our recent mission to the Clyde. Evidently Sheriff Lee, of Glasgow, was one of our audience; for, dealing with a "slacker" the other day in his Court, he said: "The only way to deal with men who cause delay is shooting." Perhaps our new Attorney-General will look up the law on the point.

"Powerful Friends."

The other day Heinrich Grenwold was charged, at Llandudno, with having in his possession a military map, and "an apparatus capable of being used for signalling." Asked why the man was not in an internment camp, the Chief Constable said, "he had powerful friends and the Home Secretary ordered his release." That Home Secretary is now Chancellor of the Exchequer! By the way, who was it that ordered the release of Baron von Bissing, of Hove?

Derby Sweepstakes.

So, after all, these will be duly drawn. We were certain that there *would* be a Derby, and the new race, to be run at Newmarket, will not interfere with the "John Bull Derby Sweep"—nor need it do so with that of the Calcutta Turf Club. All the principal prizes can be drawn for as originally intended, and all the original entries in the old Derby—the only difference being that there will probably be more prizes for non-runners. We deal with the matter more fully elsewhere, as it is one of considerable public interest.

The Church and Ourselves.

Addressing the annual Jesmond Church Conference at Newcastle, Canon Inskip observed: "If no prophet arose among the clergy themselves the people would look elsewhere for guidance—to such as Horatio Bottomley, who understood so well the nation's needs, but who was not always sound in the advice he gave." We must endeavour to be sound in the advice we take. Less qualified, however, is the appreciation of the Vicar of Brompton, the Rev. A. W. Gough: "You seem to me to be doing more than any other man in England to-day to rouse the wholesome strength of the people. . . . . Your gospel comprises the best part of the Christian religion." What a change has come over the scene!

Another £100 for "Money Pictures." See our second weekly contest—page 26.

A Chance for a Millionaire.

With the approach of summer, the rum ration for the troops is naturally found to be less desirable than during the cold and wet weather. We have excellent grounds for stating that the Army authorities would welcome a supply, in its stead, of British ale. The brewers, however, are faced with grave difficulties, as, though a patriotic shipowner has offered to carry the casks over and bring back the empties, free of charge, sufficient motor-cars are not available for transport to and from the trenches, all the vehicles at command being utilised for the conveyance of troops, wounded and munitions. It is feared, too, that many of the empty barrels—each costing a considerable sum—would go astray. The brewers, therefore, in justice to their shareholders, cannot undertake so risky a venture. Surely, however, among the many rich patriots whom we fortunately possess, some one or more can be found who will enable Tommy to have what he so much desires and deserves, by providing a fund of, say, half a million, as a guarantee against loss.

Poor Pay and Crime.

It is possible to reprove dishonesty and yet express some sympathy for a defaulter whose salary is eighty pounds a year, who is the father of eleven young children, and who has to maintain a respectable appearance as Assistant Overseer, Collector of Rates, and Clerk to a Parish Council. The catalogue suggests a lot to do and not much money to do it with, and it fills the bill in the case of a prisoner at Bury who formerly combined the offices mentioned at Birtle-cum-Bamford. The prosecuting lawyer remarked that he had no idea how the prisoner spent the money embezzled from the cash-box of the Council, but the poor father supplied the necessary information when he pointed to those eleven children, "the eldest being 15 and the youngest 2." For the children's sake the man was a fool to fall, but the Birtle Council, when appointing the new holder of its triple office, should see that the salary paid is in some fairer proportion to the man's circumstances.

Home Broken Up.

Seaside boarding-house keepers have been hard hit. One woman had carried on the business for twenty years in the Isle of Man; her season last autumn was ruined, and her husband, who worked on the Isle of Man boats was thrown out of employment and is now on active service in the Navy. Meanwhile, the home is broken up, for the magistrate allowed execution to be put in for rent, refusing to stay proceedings under the new Act. The woman, with five children, is without a home; her husband is expecting a few days' leave—and there is no home for him to go to. This is one of those cases which the Prince of Wales's Fund is surely called on to relieve. Set the woman on her feet, and the man, serving the King at sea, can do the rest.

Baron Schroeder, Briton.

Prima facie, there is a difference between the case of Sir Edgar Speyer and the Baron Schroeder, who will doubtless also put his hand on his heart and declare his undying loyalty to the British Crown. And loyal he may be—we do not deny it for a moment; but the fact remains that Baron Schroeder has lived for a great many years in this country unnaturalised, that he was not naturalised when, in January last year, he was in the seat of honour at a birthday banquet in London to the Kaiser, at which Prince Lichnowsky, the Germhun Ambassador was present, and where a telegraphic resolution of "heartfelt and endearing attachment to your (German) Majesty and to the Empire" was passed, and that it was not until we were in a state of war with Germhuny that the Baron became naturalised.

Jeremiah of Aberdeen.

Bonnie Scotland is a nation of thinkers, but some of them have crooked thoughts. A writer in the *Aberdeen Free Press* considers Earl Kitchener's call for 300,000 more men to be "really an order for more slaughter of mankind." He wants it stopped, and he bleats, "where are the moral forces? Has spiritual power departed from us?" The conduct of the clergy is very "sad"; "they are all in khaki, as if they were not professed followers of Him who urged love of enemies" This Jeremiah of Aberdeen says physical force is futile; the manhood of the country should protest that it is foolish to send more to the front; "let us see," he suggests, "if we cannot evoke moral power enough to end the wicked massacre of men." We have no objection to the mobilisation of moral forces if this gentleman will undertake to lead them in the field against the physical forces of the foe. It would be one way of getting rid of the—bleater. The other way of stopping this pestiferous piffle is to gag its perpetrator.

Putrescent Provender.

Following our disclosure regarding beef and pork, part of the cargo of a captured German vessel, being allowed to lie rotting at Cardiff, we hear that at a recent meeting of the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce there were complaints that many tons of foodstuffs, the cargoes of other prize-ships, had been left to perish in the warehouses on Tyneside—it was stated that in one warehouse alone 1,700 tons of green bacon and lard were rapidly going bad. The result was that "little or no room was available for ordinary business or trading." In these circumstances, the Admiralty had been approached with a suggestion that the cargoes should be immediately sold, but no move in the matter had yet been made. A single ray of hope illumined the murk of official apathy. "It was probable that three officials would pay a visit to the district, shortly, to see what could be done." Unless they intend to hurry, they should provide themselves with respirators.

"Processed in Saxony."

A Committee empowered by the Government to enlist workmen for the Rosyth Naval Base have been busy distributing in Banff, N.B., highly-coloured picture postcards depicting the Workmen's Bungalow City, with some of the workmen's wives and children grouped in the foreground. These cards are published by Raphael Tuck and Sons, and were "Processed in Saxony." They also bear the inscription "Postkarte," which is too suggestive of Kultur for our taste. We are aware that vast quantities of German picture postcards were in stock throughout the country before the war broke out, and agree that it would be hard if they should prove a dead loss to the stationers who were accustomed to sell them. But to find German-printed matter being used by a semi-official Committee engaged in recruiting for our Naval works is beyond a joke, and likely to defeat its purpose.

Room for Investigation.

That was a curious case at Stratford, where a woman mission-worker, a life-long abstainer, was charged with being drunk and incapable. She left a choir practice at nine o'clock, was found in a fit, and charged at nine-fifteen. Allowing for the distance to be travelled, this time-table leaves her three minutes in which to become in the condition alleged by the police. Undoubtedly they made a big mistake, but had not the grace to own up. The Chairman of the Bench dismissed the charge in a rather unsatisfactory fashion: "They could not say the accused was drunk, but the police were justified in their action." Our eyesight must be bad, for we fail to see any justification whatever.

Over 3,000 "Bulletin" prizes to be won every week. See page 28.

Short Commons for Childless Wives.

It may be possible for the childless wife of a soldier to exist on the 12s. 6d. per week allowed her by a grateful country while her husband is facing death in some of its most horrible shapes in Flanders. But in some cases it must be a very difficult matter indeed. An instance reaches us from a Lancashire town where one such wife is struggling with starvation. Her rent is 4s. 9d., coals cost her 2s. 3d. per week, light 1s. 1d., the doctor 1s., and the club 2s. 1d., leaving a balance of 1s. 4d. for food, clothing, and riotous living. "Enjoying" bad health, she cannot turn out to work and thus supplement her meagre allowance. She therefore appealed to the local committee of the Prince of Wales's Fund for assistance. She was told to apply to the workhouse, that haven for soldiers' indigent dependants—even when a Five-Million Pounds Fund for the relief of war distress is in existence! This wife of one of our country's gallant defenders declined to act upon the suggestion, but approached a woman guardian for aid instead. Here again she was told she should go out to work—which she is not able to do—or that she should *take in young men lodgers*. Who is it that is sitting so tightly on the Fund? The wrong is assuming scandalous proportions.

"Ireland."

Recently we remarked, under the above heading, "We speak with reserve, and with a due sense of responsibility . . . . The Ulster volunteers have gone to the front, while the majority of the Nationalist ones have enlisted 'for home defence.' At least, that is the story which reaches us." And now we hear another story, which we give—with reserve once more—to the effect that Nationalists enlisted since the war began are practically all at the front, and many who joined Kitchener's Army "have long since been killed in action." Also that recruiting among Nationalists is at present prejudiced because—so we are told—not one of the Ulster volunteers has gone to the front. A Derry paper, which calls them "Carson's Stay-at-Homes," says the official reason is that the men are deficient in musketry practice. We have now given both sides of the case, but our conclusion is the same—"all is not well with Ireland." *Why* didn't Mr. Redmond join the Cabinet?

A Dangerous Departure.

By the terms of the National Insurance Act, an employed contributor, dissatisfied with the methods of his Approved Society, has a right of transfer to another, upon reasonable notice given. The provision is a salutary one, and we regret to notice an attempt on the part of the larger Societies to defeat its operation. There is a clause of the Insurance Act which empowers Approved Societies to place an embargo upon the admission of members by transfer, and this saving proviso, intended to apply only to exceptional cases, may shortly be erected into a general rule of policy. Should the aim of the larger Societies be accomplished, the statutory right of free transfer will become a dead letter. It is obvious that without some such safeguard, an insured person will be entirely at the mercy of his Society, forced to accept its decision upon every detail of management, and compelled to contribute to its funds, even against his will and judgment.

The Briton's Badge.

Have you yet secured your British Citizenship Badge, with its pretty motto *Civis Britannicus Sum*? If not, just send a shilling postal order to "John Bull's Store," Brownlow House, High Holborn, before the present stock is exhausted.

Encourage the Doctors.

Heartily approving of a recent paragraph in regard to the non-recognition by the War Office of medical men in constant voluntary attendance upon our wounded, a doctor tells us that he has been looking after troops ever since their arrival in his district. In addition, he is medical officer to two Red Cross hospitals. A few weeks ago, he, too, made an application to the War Office for an honorary commission, so that he could wear uniform as an outward sign that he was doing the best he could for his country. Their reply was that they could not grant his request unless he went to another district. As, however, he is now working single-handed a practice which for the last twenty years has been worked by two men, it is unreasonable to expect him to leave, and even if he did the War Office would have to send down another doctor in his place to look after the troops. It seems to us a shame that, through what looks like sheer red-tapeism on the part of subordinate officials in Whitehall, civilian medicos, who are working as hard among the troops as commissioned men, should be refused honorary military status.

A Hint to the War Office.

A Shanghai correspondent vehemently complains that "officialdom contrives to place obstacles in the path of the Volunteer," and declares that "a strong contingent of fit and able-bodied Britishers from the Far East" would gladly respond to the national call but for their inability to afford the cost of the passage home. The Government, it seems, are unwilling to help them over the difficulty, if indeed the matter has engaged their attention at all, while the British shipping companies have not yet seen fit to offer preferential rates. Linking counsel with prophecy, our friend proceeds: "Let his Majesty's Consul be authorised to issue free passage warrants at his discretion, and a volunteer contingent, a thousand strong, from Shanghai and its outports will speedily materialise." Isn't it worth while?

"Toll for the Brave."

In the past we have had our differences with Mr. C. J. Stewart, the present Public Trustee, but this shall not prevent us from offering our sincere condolences to him in an almost overwhelming grief—the loss of his two sons, Captain and Adjutant Stewart and Second-Lieutenant Stewart, and of his son-in-law, Lieutenant Colin Campbell—all in fighting for their country at the front. There are no words of condolence which can assuage so overflowing a sorrow as this. That the young officers died bravely for their country in a cause which will be glorified in history as long as nations treasure liberty and civilisation, must be to a father a thought as precious as life itself; that he has not been bereft in vain he will know, let us hope, at no very distant day-to-be.

That Asphyxiating Gas.

Once again we have the story from the Front that the Germhuns have driven British troops out of their trenches under cover of poisonous gases and asphyxiating shells. Both Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener have hinted that the time has come to cure the enemy with the physic they administer to others. It cannot be said that this country has been weary of well-doing in the war thus far. There is, however, a limit to patience and long-suffering, and it is now evident that a lot of time and trouble will be saved by starting the Germhun cure right away. John Wesley or General Booth, or somebody, once said that he did not see why the Devil should sing all the best tunes. We have come round to that view. The day has now arrived for more strenuous British music.

Wanted at the front—the "John Bull" fountain pen. Send one to *your* friend.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN—

COLLAPSE OF THE PARTY SYSTEM—ALL IN AT THE DEATH.

It has become a platitude of current journalism and politics that we must not do or say anything likely to embarrass the Government. But to that axiom we desire to add a proviso. The Government must not embarrass us. And Heaven knows it is doing so; we are utterly bewildered. Last week we asked, "Where on earth *are* we?" And now we know. We were in the frying-pan—and to-day we are out of it. You know the rest. Upon our word! it would appear that the Government does its best every week to carry out the policy we propound—and, as a rule, makes a rare muddle of it! The other day, seeing the approaching break-up of the Ministry, we hinted at a Coalition. As long ago as February 13th, we said, apropos of the Prime Minister having filled up certain vacancies with more of his "young men," "*Wouldn't* the Opposition consent to some of their men joining the Ministry? *But perhaps a little later on. We have heard something.*" And since that date we have hammered away at the same idea—leading up to our issue of May 8th, in which we insisted that we should have "a new Ministry, constituted of all the best material available, formed to finish the war"—and we suggested that Mr. Lloyd George should go to some department of the State in which his warm human sympathies, and touch with the common people, could have more play; that Mr. Austen Chamberlain should take his place at the Treasury; and that Mr. Bonar Law should supersede Mr. Runciman as President of the Board of Trade. We *knew* that things in Whitehall were all awry—and our desire was to tip Mr. Asquith the wink as to the remedy. But what a muddle he has made of it! We are almost tempted to think that we have converted him to the Business Government idea, and that, *before leaving the Party machine*, he had determined to have a final kick at what to a man of such intellectual honesty must long have been a thing of contempt. Let us have a look at the new Cabinet. By the way, Maskelyne and Cook used to have a wonderful cabinet, the mystery being how a person got *out of it*. Here it is the converse.

THE WOOLSACK.

Here is a pretty picture. Lord Haldane *had* to go, being spiritually wedded to our enemy. Then arose the problem. The Woolsack is, in ordinary circumstances, the most coveted prize of the political lawyer, and although it is supposed to be simply the seat of the head of the English judiciary, it has, of course, under the corrupt old Party System, always been regarded as a plum within the gift of the Ministry in power—its occupant, however capable, being kicked out at every change of government—the "King's conscience" being automatically transferred to the custody of the new comer; the retiring Buzfuz, of course, taking a fat pension. Pretty game, isn't it? Well, who was to succeed Haldane? Sir Robert Finlay was of the wrong Party "colour," and so was Sir Edward Carson. Lord Reading—our old friend, "Rufus"—was a Jew; and although there is no actual statutory bar to one of his race filling the post, it has always been considered that "the conscience" of the King should be in the keeping of a member of the Faith of which he is the Defender. Still, that difficulty might have been got over, but for a fact we shall mention in a moment. Then next in order, according to the rules of the game, came Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General—a brilliant lawyer and, withal, an ambitious public man. We are told that he declined the prize because of his greater love for political office. Don't believe it. He declined it for the reason we shall give you in another moment. And then it was the *Solicitor*-General's turn—and he, like a wise man, took it. It was his only chance—*even though the glory would be short-lived*. And now for the explanation. *The Woolsack is being kept warm for Mr. Asquith*, who will go there as soon as the war is over, and would have gone before now but for the sense of duty which has kept him at his post in the hour of our nation's trial. And it did not suit either the Lord Chief Justice or the Attorney-General to exchange his present position in the legal and political limelight for the prospect of an early retirement into the obscurity of a Law Lord. Why did Sir John Simon give up the Attorney-Generalship? First, to make room for Sir Edward Carson, and, secondly—but that is another story, with which we will deal in due course. And now you know all about the Lord Chancellorship.

THE ADMIRALTY.

Here was a pretty mess! Winston and Fisher were at loggerheads—so much so that each had declared his intention of resigning if the other were kept in the Government. It is a sorry story, and some day Mr. Churchill will tell it. But nothing will induce him to do so whilst the war is on. Anyhow, Lord Fisher was the first to resign, Winston simply placing himself "at the disposal" of the Prime Minister. Every effort was made to induce the First Sea Lord to reconsider his resignation, but he was adamant. If he came back, Churchill must go—that was his unalterable decision. Even the docile and faithful *Daily News* lets the cat out of the bag when, with unconscious ingenuousness, it remarks, "and *as Mr. Churchill remains in the Cabinet*, Lord Fisher is no longer First Sea Lord." There you have it. That is how we fight our wars, under the Party System! What was to be done? Obviously, there was too much friction in the department to admit of Mr. Churchill remaining as First Lord—for there were two distinct camps, the Churchillians and the Fisherites—and the question was, who should take his place? To the ordinary man in the street, it would seem that here was a fine chance of applying to the Admiralty the same principle as that which had been adopted at the War Office, and of putting in supreme control an expert Chief—in this case, a naval man—who would co-operate with Lord Kitchener and thus give the country the benefit of a united naval and

military policy, free from civilian interference. But then, what post could be found for Mr. Balfour? True, he knew nothing about Dreadnoughts and submarines and things of that kind, or of naval strategy; but what did *that* matter? He *must* be in the new Cabinet; and so he was told off to look after the new Sea Lord, whoever he might be! And now, just as we used to have a "spiritualist" at the head of the Army, we have a deep philosopher at the head of the Navy. Do you begin to understand? Isn't it comforting?

THE EXCHEQUER.

Here is one of the funniest things of the lot. Mr. Lloyd George gives way to *Mr. McKenna*—one of our "three duds," of whom two have already gone. Well, there are some things which can only be adequately expressed by the bald, unvarnished statement of the fact, and so we simply say that Mr. McKenna—late Home Secretary, late First Lord of the Admiralty, late Minister of Education, late Financial Secretary to the Treasury—is Chancellor of the Exchequer. And now, having recovered our breath, what about the ex-Chancellor? Minister of Munitions! We wonder the workmen, on hearing the news, didn't "down tools"; for is not this the gentleman who told the country that Drink was a greater foe than either Germany or Austria? And just imagine munitions requiring a Minister all to themselves! It is like Sir Thomas Lipton putting a Minister of Jam and Pickles over the head of his manager! Can't Lord Kitchener attend to the munitions department? Surely that is part of the work of the War Office. But if the new post means simply speeding up the various yards and shops—well, it is surely a joke to appoint a politician who dare not show his face in one of them. Nobody appreciates the splendid qualities of Mr. Lloyd George more than do we; but every man to his job, and *his* job is clearly, as we have before pointed out, at the Local Government Board—where Mr. Burns did such fine work. But Minister of Munitions! Phew!

MR. HENDERSON.

At the last moment it was considered just too big a joke to put the genial lay preacher at the Board of Trade, and so he was made Minister of Education! The idea, we are told, is that he shall advise and assist the Government upon labour matters. Then why not Minister of Munitions? Still, there he is; and we have a suggestion to make. Let him at once stop singing, piano playing, "history," Euclid, and all the other nonsense with which the schools are at present stuffing the heads of the youngsters—especially in the country districts—and teach them the "three R's," drilling, rifle-shooting, *haymaking*, harvesting, riding, driving and other useful things; in other words, *educate* them. Then, indeed, will he have justified his appointment. By the way, we wonder how Ramsay Macdonald feels over the turn events have taken. He would have given his political soul to be in the Cabinet; but now his chance has gone for ever. Poor Ramsay, and poor Leicester; but *its* misery will be over after the next election.

MR. SAMUEL.

We confess that one of our greatest surprises is the "Irish rise" given to Mr. Herbert Samuel. In our House of Commons days he was freely canvassed as the coming man of the Government, and was often put up to close a big debate. What has he been up to? Surely he was slimy and sanctimonious enough—a veritable stained-glass window Minister. It is a great mystery.

MESSRS. HOBHOUSE AND PEASE.

Nobody will regret the departure of that self-sufficient little bag of offensive mediocrity, Mr. Hobhouse; whilst everyone will miss the genial "Jack" Pease—who ought never to have given up the post of Chief Whip. But *somebody* had to be sacrificed.

THE NEW MEN.

Of course, the only new men in any real sense are Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Chamberlain (Mr. Long's health will not permit of very active work). But they are both in wrong places. Mr. Bonar Law should have replaced Mr. Runciman (who might have been made Minister of Racing), whilst Mr. Chamberlain's proper place was obviously at the Treasury. He knows nothing about India, but he *is* a Business man, and has been Chancellor of the Exchequer—two fatal disqualifications from the Party point of view. If Mr. Asquith had confined himself to the inclusion of these two "opponents," the country would have been satisfied. As it is, the whole game is given away. But we suppose he was helpless. The door once open, everyone wanted to push himself in. *What* a game it is!

THE LAW OFFICERS.

Here, at least, Mr. Asquith has thrown his Party over. Neither Hemmerde nor Ellis Griffith gets anything, and two of the strongest Unionist fighters take the posts. We would give much to see Sir Edward Carson advising the Irish Secretary on the position of the Belfast volunteers, and "F. E." gravely admonishing Winston as to the limitations of his duties as Chancellor of the Duchy! But they have both been netted in—and now Sir Frederick Banbury will have the Opposition to himself. And, by the way, who will occupy the Front Opposition Bench? We almost wish we were back! Not necessarily to "oppose"—just a little friendly criticism and advice!

HOW WILL IT WORK?

We have predicted that the thing will not work. It is a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire. Already the Party Press is growling. Do you remember what was said of Chatham's first ministry—"A piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a Cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and Republicans, Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on"? In the words of the witty Frenchman, "the more it changes, the more it is the same thing." Tweedledum has joined forces with Tweedledee. But it will serve for the time—whilst something better is being got ready.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN—

COLLAPSE OF THE PARTY SYSTEM—ALL IN AT THE DEATH.

It has become a platitude of current journalism and politics that we must not do or say anything likely to embarrass the Government. But to that axiom we desire to add a proviso. The Government must not embarrass us. And Heaven knows it is doing so; we are utterly bewildered. Last week we asked, "Where on earth *are* we?" And now we know. We were in the frying-pan—and to-day we are out of it. You know the rest. Upon our word! it would appear that the Government does its best every week to carry out the policy we propound—and, as a rule, makes a rare muddle of it! The other day, seeing the approaching break-up of the Ministry, we hinted at a Coalition. As long ago as February 13th, we said, apropos of the Prime Minister having filled up certain vacancies with more of his "young men," "*Wouldn't* the Opposition consent to some of their men joining the Ministry? *But perhaps a little later on. We have heard something.*" And since that date we have hammered away at the same idea—leading up to our issue of May 8th, in which we insisted that we should have "a new Ministry, constituted of all the best material available, formed to finish the war"—and we suggested that Mr. Lloyd George should go to some department of the State in which his warm human sympathies, and touch with the common people, could have more play; that Mr. Austen Chamberlain should take his place at the Treasury; and that Mr. Bonar Law should supersede Mr. Runciman as President of the Board of Trade. We *knew* that things in Whitehall were all awry—and our desire was to tip Mr. Asquith the wink as to the remedy. But what a muddle he has made of it! We are almost tempted to think that we have converted him to the Business Government idea, and that, *before leaving the Party machine*, he had determined to have a final kick at what to a man of such intellectual honesty must long have been a thing of contempt. Let us have a look at the new Cabinet. By the way, Maskelyne and Cook used to have a wonderful cabinet, the mystery being how a person got *out of it*. Here it is the converse.

THE WOOLSACK.

Here is a pretty picture. Lord Haldane *had* to go, being spiritually wedded to our enemy. Then arose the problem. The Woolsack is, in ordinary circumstances, the most coveted prize of the political lawyer, and although it is supposed to be simply the seat of the head of the English judiciary, it has, of course, under the corrupt old Party System, always been regarded as a plum within the gift of the Ministry in power—its occupant, however capable, being kicked out at every change of government—the "King's conscience" being automatically transferred to the custody of the new comer; the retiring Buzfuz, of course, taking a fat pension. Pretty game, isn't it? Well, who was to succeed Haldane? Sir Robert Finlay was of the wrong Party "colour," and so was Sir Edward Carson. Lord Reading—our old friend, "Rufus"—was a Jew; and although there is no actual statutory bar to one of his race filling the post, it has always been considered that "the conscience" of the King should be in the keeping of a member of the Faith of which he is the Defender. Still, that difficulty might have been got over, but for a fact we shall mention in a moment. Then next in order, according to the rules of the game, came Sir John Simon, the Attorney-General—a brilliant lawyer and, withal, an ambitious public man. We are told that he declined the prize because of his greater love for political office. Don't believe it. He declined it for the reason we shall give you in another moment. And then it was the *Solicitor*-General's turn—and he, like a wise man, took it. It was his only chance—*even though the glory would be short-lived*. And now for the explanation. *The Woolsack is being kept warm for Mr. Asquith*, who will go there as soon as the war is over, and would have gone before now but for the sense of duty which has kept him at his post in the hour of our nation's trial. And it did not suit either the Lord Chief Justice or the Attorney-General to exchange his present position in the legal and political limelight for the prospect of an early retirement into the obscurity of a Law Lord. Why did Sir John Simon give up the Attorney-Generalship? First, to make room for Sir Edward Carson, and, secondly—but that is another story, with which we will deal in due course. And now you know all about the Lord Chancellorship.

THE ADMIRALTY.

Here was a pretty mess! Winston and Fisher were at loggerheads—so much so that each had declared his intention of resigning if the other were kept in the Government. It is a sorry story, and some day Mr. Churchill will tell it. But nothing will induce him to do so whilst the war is on. Anyhow, Lord Fisher was the first to resign, Winston simply placing himself "at the disposal" of the Prime Minister. Every effort was made to induce the First Sea Lord to reconsider his resignation, but he was adamant. If he came back, Churchill must go—that was his unalterable decision. Even the docile and faithful *Daily News* lets the cat out of the bag when, with unconscious ingenuousness, it remarks, "and *as Mr. Churchill remains in the Cabinet*, Lord Fisher is no longer First Sea Lord." There you have it. That is how we fight our wars, under the Party System! What was to be done? Obviously, there was too much friction in the department to admit of Mr. Churchill remaining as First Lord—for there were two distinct camps, the Churchillians and the Fisherites—and the question was, who should take his place? To the ordinary man in the street, it would seem that here was a fine chance of applying to the Admiralty the same principle as that which had been adopted at the War Office, and of putting in supreme control an expert Chief—in this case, a naval man—who would co-operate with Lord Kitchener and thus give the country the benefit of a united naval and